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CLEVERNESS.

A TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART I.

It would be difficult to picture a more delightful village than East-court; its fine old manor-house, combining the architecture of half a dozen reigns, bound together by ivy, the growth of at least two centuries; its straggling grotesque houses, with high gables and tall chimneys, fenced along the road by broad yew hedges, cut here and there into various patterns—owls, and peacocks, and arches, where small birds had nested time out of mind.

Yes; East-court was a pleasant village. There was, in the centre of a sort of common green that flanked one side, a pond, large enough to entitle it to the dignity of being termed “a lake.” But the people of East-court having originally been an unambitious race, were satisfied that the pond should be simply called a pond—and a beautiful pond it was. Two noble willows extended their branches nearly to the water’s midst, and a clump of mingled holly, and tapering feathery birch, was so beautiful in its growth and colour, that an artist once came ten miles to sketch it; a fact which the old landlord of the “Three Bee-Hives” repeated several times each day of his life, forgetting altogether, good old soul, that every one in East-court was aware of a circumstance so flattering to the beauty of their long-loved home. The cottages at East-court were so disposed, as to add to the effect of the larger dwellings—pretty white and brown erections; the walls as white as lime and labour could make them; and the dark-brown thatch nearly covered by those sweet and beautiful climbers which belong of right to the cottage homes of England. On the very summit of an abrupt conical hill, that sprung up suddenly at the back of the manor-house, was a windmill, with wide extended arms and snow-white sails; and at the foot of the hill on the other side, guarded by some venerable trees, stood East-court church with the adjoining parsonage-house. There were but few shops at East-court, for the village was only three miles from the county town. But the very shops partook of the picturesque character of this truly English hamlet; and many persons declared that there never was so quiet, so venerable, and yet, withal, so cheerful a village as East-court, or, as the very old people called it, “East-court o’ the Hill.”

It might well be a cheerful village; the gentleman who resided in the manor-house was a magistrate, and landlord of every adjacent dwelling. He was, in all acts of love and charity, a second Sir Roger de Coverley; and had a brother, a physician, who had one wing of the old manor-house fitted up as a surgery and dispensary; but he never took fee for advice, or payment for medicine, from any human being; feeling—at least so it would appear, from the alacrity with which he dispensed both—that he was under particular obligation to all who took his prescriptions, and was never happy after a baby was born in the parish until it was vaccinated. It was rare, indeed, to meet with such men as the squire and his good brother. Well might East-court be the very paradise of English villages. I have said nothing of the rector; but certainly, unless he had carefully laboured in, and pruned and trimmed his vineyard, the old would not have descended to their graves with such hope and humility, nor would the young have lived together in such peace and good-will. For the rest, a dancing, music, and a species of drawing master, who combined drawing and writing together, made each the round of the neighbourhood once a week; thus the simple-minded people imagined that

the means of “a polite education” were safely secured to their children; and the village school was under the immediate dominion of the parish-clerk and his wife, and endowed in every way by the lord of the manor, so that the peasant class were considered well provided for as to their sources of information. I could say a great deal more in favour of East-court and its inhabitants as they were about fifteen years ago, but perhaps have detailed enough to create an interest for them, and may be permitted to pass on to the day on which a story connected with its inhabitants may be considered to open.

“A new family, a rich and respectable family, did you say, Isaac, wanting the Deerstone house, where Mr Rowley died?” inquired Squire Russel of East-court, of his land-steward Isaac Heywood.

“Yes, your honour,” replied Isaac bowing; “a lady and gentleman, Mr and Mrs Diggons by name, three young masters, two young Misses (doll-looking young things), seven servants, a tutor, and a governess.”

“Diggons,” repeated the squire, who had a little leaning towards aristocratic names; “Diggons; it is not an old name, Isaac, though it may belong to respectable people.”

“Certainly, sir; he’s a fine gentleman, and wears chains and rings; a fine gentleman, and has (his man says) a great library, for his lady is very clever; indeed, his man says, they are an extraordinary clever family.”

“We never, I think, had a family of that description, Isaac, in the village,” answered Mr Russel after a pause. “I cannot say I like people who appear more clever than their neighbours. However, this is perhaps a prejudice, and we should guard against prejudices. We will look into the references.”

The references were looked into, and Mr Diggons was found an eligible tenant for Deerstone. The arrival of the “clever family” occasioned more than the ordinary commotion, for they brought with them various things that the good people of the village had only heard of in an obscure manner—chemical apparatus, electrifying machines, various astronomical instruments; in short, some of the older and simpler people regarded Mr Diggons very much in the light of a necromancer, and the small, pale, acute-faced tutor as his familiar—something or other which they did not like to name.

When everything was settled, and every one got used to everything, Mr Russel and his brother, Mr Graham Russel, agreed that the Diggonses were a good set of people, eaten up with a desire to be celebrated, which of course prevented its accomplishment; leaving town where they were nobodies, to reside in the country, where they hoped to be “somebodies”; at the very least, labouring to acquire conversable knowledge of abstruse sciences, not being particular who approved, as long as approbation was bestowed; unable to persevere to the amount of being informed, and yet having a smattering of everything. Enticing this eager thirsting after admiration—not after science for its own noble sake, but for the gaping admiration of the many—the family were kindly, cheerful, and hospitable people; not selfish, either, in their pursuits, but willing to inform others. Three or four self-thinking inhabitants of East-court agreed with Mr Russel and his brother in their rational estimate of the new family; but the many opened wide their mouths, and gave their “most sweet voices” in applause. The Diggonses were pronounced to be the most “talented people in England!” Science has many triflers in her train; and certainly amongst them she numbered every member of the Diggons

family; from Mr Diggons, who trifled with all the sciences, down to pretty little pale Elizabeth, who sighed and smiled over a miniature galvanic battery.

On the left-hand side of the village, commanding a view of the green, the huge pond, and the picturesque cottages beyond, was a pretty cheerful-looking house; “happy” you would have called it, for inanimate things can be so placed, so garnished, as to look happy. The draperies within the windows were of white muslin trimmed with blue silk lace and fringe; and the trellis-work outside was almost concealed by the wreaths of flowers that owed their luxuriance and beauty to much care and a warm southern aspect. There was an ample bow window and several other long narrow ones, that seemed playing hide-and-seek among the roses and myrtles that were always in blow; and the chimneys were tall and square, and the gables very high. There was also a conservatory, and you could see that, besides plants, it contained several birds of splendid plumage. In short, the outward appearance of the dwelling combined so much that was tasteful and expensive, the looker-on was assured there was both wealth and taste within the latter, keeping the former in subjection.

This house had the quaint name of East-in-Rust, why, I know not, and no one at East-court seemed to think it strange. It was almost as large, and of the same date as the manor-house, and had been, time out mind, inhabited by the same family, once as numerous as honourable, but now dwindled down to a widow and two children—a boy and girl. The lady was still lovely, her children beautiful; the boy, tall, fair, and handsome, but whose movements partook of the irregularity and languor of ill, or at least delicate health; the girl was also fair and delicate, but with an energy and decision of character marking every movement, that deceived even her mother as to her bodily strength. When the “clever family” came to reside at Deerstone, Alfred Erris was nearly seven, and Lucy between eight and nine; and as the two children clung together, gazing at the evolutions of a good-natured macaw, who invariably exercised himself to amuse them, Mrs Diggons might almost be excused, when returning Mrs Erris’s visit, for the encomiums she injudiciously passed on their beauty.

“Well, Mrs Erris, you may certainly be proud of their beauty,” she exclaimed; “I never saw two such darlings—loves—quite. I should so like my son Robert to paint them; he does such charming things. There is no doubt but, if he chose, he could be an R.A. in three months.”

“Alfred draws a little,” said Mrs Erris.

“A little!” repeated Mrs Diggons. “My dear lady, at his age Robert copied the cartoons; but I do not wonder at your spoiling such angels. I assure you I had plenty of struggles with myself ere I could make my boys and girls work. I lost the flower of the flock about five years ago—died, sweet child, in six days of brain fever! A wonderful memory he had, poor darling; could repeat poetry for two hours by my watch, when only eight years old.” It never occurred to Mrs Erris that this killed him; but she said that though Alfred could not do that, he, too, had an excellent memory.

“Which,” said the lady, “you must work. Memory, of all things, must be cultivated; but I do not wonder at your spoiling such an angel.”

Mrs Erris assured her that she did not “spoil” him, and in proof thereof, asserted that he could repeat a great number of Watts’ hymns.

“Watts’ hymns!” answered Mrs Diggons with an irreverent sneer at the purest child-poetry in any language, living or dead; “such a creature as that

should be able to repeat orations from Shakspeare and Milton."

"In time," said Mrs Erris, making a secret resolve that he should do so immediately, and beginning to think that she had really neglected his education.

"Is he fond of the languages?" continued the lady.

"He has commenced Latin, and learnt French and English together orally, I may say," replied the abashed mother.

"Only commenced Latin!" exclaimed Mrs Diggons in a compassionate tone. "Well, to be sure, he will never want it, as they say; but I should have an ambition to see such a noble creature as that 'far on' in everything; but, perhaps, if he is not much advanced in languages, he is 'well up' in the sciences."

Mrs Erris was a timid, gentle woman, very anxious for her children, and fearful lest they should grow to think she had not done her duty.

"Indeed," she replied blushing, "he hardly knows the meaning of the word. His taste leads him to study; but my good friend Doctor Graham Russel says his brain is already too large, and insists so much on air and exercise, and out-door amusements, that my dear boy is backward, rather, in absolute study; not that he is ignorant; he knows the names of all the trees and flowers, the"—

"Botanical names?" mildly suggested Mrs Diggons.

"No; the homely English names and their uses," replied the widow; "remember, he is only seven years old."

"Well, well," ejaculated the lady; "I can perfectly understand Dr Russel's prejudice; he has arrived at that time of life when men look at improvements suspiciously, because they are not of their time. He is an old man; and if I had minded our family physician even in poor Elizabeth's case, ma'am, she'd have been a disgrace to me; that unhappy curve in her spine, he declared arose from her sitting so closely to the harp, and she was obliged to recline; but during the three years she laid upon a slightly inclined plane, she never missed a single lesson, nor did I yield her any indulgence—never suffered her to have an amusing book. 'No,' I said to the physician; 'since she cannot go on with the harp, she shall be remarkable at something else'; that was my ambition, to have remarkable children. Her nature was soft and gentle, but we hardened it with mathematics and algebra."

This, at the moment, startled Mrs Erris. She thought of the deformed girl, and her pale, anxious, thoughtful face, from which every ray of joy seemed banished. She had struck her, at first, as being the only one of this "clever family" who was not superficial. Such had been her first impression. But Mrs Diggons's manner was imposing in more senses than one; and the timid, retiring mother, who had really done her duty by not overtasking, and yet sufficiently exercising the infant intellect of her children, felt bitter self-reproach while her new neighbour enumerated the acquirements of her offspring, without calling to mind that one of them had fallen a victim to brain fever, while another was deformed for life.

Alfred and Lucy Erris were invited to spend a day with the family at Deerstone; and—instead of the canter on the pony, the race on the upland lawn, the whoop and merry play, which is the healthy relaxation of healthful children, and which they had expected with an interest which was a pleasure in itself—there was a grand show-off of science, a parade of hard names, a display of precocious understanding, or rather its distorted shadow, which rendered Alfred and Lucy uncomfortable, and Alfred for the first time in his life thoughtful of display, and straining after effect, which rendered him unnatural. Mrs Erris, who dined there, felt thoroughly ashamed of her children. One young Diggons painted, another excelled in languages, another made crude poetry, which, though correct in numbers, was without idea; and as to the "elogies," hard words, and parroted sentences, there was no end of them! Poor Mrs Erris wondered why she had suffered her beautiful boy—who looked like a Grecian statue amid plaster and rough stone images—to display his ignorance, and innately resolved to adopt Mr Diggons's plan, and abridge his hours of relaxation and exercise, that he might "make the most of time"—a duty doubtless; but let how the most can be made of this gold from God be ascertained before the vainest and most injurious of all vain glories, that of making "show-children" is attempted.

In accordance with her determination, Mrs Erris dismissed her son's tutor (whom Mr Diggons had pronounced "merely a classic") for one who was "classical and scientific"—a hard stern man, with an iron constitution; and directed Lucy's governess to "keep her at work" under the tutor's direction. There was no difficulty in making those children study—no difficulty in getting them to rise in the morning; their docile and intelligent minds were open to receive, and fertile to produce. In natural capabilities, they were far superior to their showy neighbours; and their moral and thinking qualities were far beyond those of Mr Diggons's offspring. Alfred was indeed a boy of the noblest qualities, entering into the spirit of history, comprehending and analysing, idealizing, too, until his dry hot hand, flushed cheek, and throbbing brow, would have warned any teacher of feeling and observation that it was time to lay by the book and the pen, and away into the bright fields, and among the joy-giving and health-giving beauties of nature. And yet this tutor loved the boy; he delighted in him, because he delighted in learning, and because he

felt no expressed fatigue in poring over the world of knowledge, which delighted him more and more every day. He knew that he was the only son of an ancient house, and that much depended on him; and he thought how fine it would be to see him carry the highest honours at Oxford—to feel that he would be more distinguished by his talents and his learning than by the ordinary position he would hold in society by virtue of his family and his wealth.

Lucy was with her brother in all his tasks, taming down her wildness of spirits to assist his labours, and stimulating his exertions, which were anything but childish. The "clever family" were a fair example of the fashion and display of information; their minds even were not half drawn into the exertion; they imitated rather than laboured. This was particularly the case with the healthier portion of the family, who, like their parents, were superficial; but Albert and Lucy had hearts, feelings, and intellect of the finest texture, an intense love of study, an appreciation of the beautiful, a desire to excel, which, being once awakened, never again slept. They were precisely the children whose minds should have been strengthened rather than taxed, and whose bodies should have been invigorated by air, exercise, and much rest. Mrs Erris, astonished at their progress, which she was vain enough to exhibit to the Diggonses, partly from gratitude that they had roused her to urge forward her children, was so delighted at the rapidity with which Albert mastered every difficulty, that she desired to make Dr Russel confess that she was right and he was wrong as to the management of her son especially. Since the commencement of her newsystem, she had but one conversation on the subject with him, and that had certainly left a painful impression on both their minds. She framed, however, some trifling excuse for calling at the manor house; and after a brief interview with the squire, who had been so much annoyed at her obliging her son to forego his pony exercise to devote more time to study, that he was cold and even stately to the widow of one he had loved like his own child, she sought the doctor in his favourite conservatory.

The doctor was cold enough also, but one of his peculiarities was his being unable to persevere in anything like coldness towards a lady.

"I wanted you to dine with me to-morrow, my good friend," she said; "indeed I wished our lord of the manor to come also, but he has received me so strangely, that I had not courage to ask him."

"We are two old-fashioned old men, my dear Mrs Erris," replied the doctor; "but somehow you have got new-fangled of late, and we should not be able to avoid finding fault, one of the bad habits common to old friends; so that, perhaps, under these circumstances, it is better for us to stay away."

"I know what you mean," answered Mrs Erris gently; "you allude to Albert and Lucy. I want you to come and judge for yourself; I want you to see how they are improved; that, in fact, is all I desire. I want you to examine the children of your old friend, and I think you will be satisfied that I have done my duty."

"I am quite satisfied you have intended to do your duty, my dear lady; quite satisfied of that; and if it had not been for the stimulus given to your maternal vanity by the arrival of this 'clever family,' I am certain you would have continued blessing and being blessed; not overtasking, but permitting your children's minds as well as their bodies to strengthen while they grow; but we shall not agree upon the matter, my dear Mrs Erris, so perhaps we had better not talk of it; we shall certainly not agree upon the subject."

"You were the friend my poor husband valued most on earth," said Mrs Erris, after a pause; "and I cannot bear that you should labour under any false impression. I assure you neither Lucy nor Albert are ever driven to their tasks."

"So much the worse for children of their rapid yet delicate natures. If they had a disinclination to study, it would prove that their individual minds were not of a quality to injure their bodies; but the zeal for study requires to be regulated."

"And Mr Salom does regulate it," said the mother. "By increasing it," replied the doctor. "The structure of these precocious minds is easily disorganized. It has always seemed to me as extraordinary as unjust, that parents and teachers bestow double the pains upon those who are dull of comprehension; whereas the heavier minds could be wrought with decidedly more safety, and in nine cases out of ten would produce, if not a richer, certainly a more abundant fruitage."

"But," urged Mrs Erris, "you are arguing as if my children were suffering from too much mental exertion. I assure you the contrary is decidedly the case; they are full of life, full of energy. Mrs Diggons said she never saw anything in her children like the energy with which my children apply."

"I daresay she did not," replied the doctor. "In the first place, your tutor imparts knowledge, not its semblance; and in the next, your children have really a panting after information, a gasping for the beautiful and the ideal, a naturally poetic temperament, which destroys ten for the one it crowns. I remember Albert restless in his cradle, and weeping at melancholy music; and as to Lucy, the difficulty with her was always to keep her tranquil. You have, my dear lady, applied excitement where you should, in my humble opinion, have removed it."

"But would you have had them grow up in ignorance?" inquired the lady.

"That is so like a woman," said the old bachelor, smiling sadly; "jumping from one extreme to the other. I talked of undue excitement, and you immediately fell back upon extreme ignorance; an excitement is the destruction of health and strength, and is to mind the very pestilence of education. The children were doing very well, learning as much as at their age they ought to learn without forcing—that is all that children should do."

"But some learn more quickly than others, my dear sir."

"So they do; some require keeping back, others bringing forward, but, with both, time is the only safe developer and strengthener. I never knew an instance where a precocious child was not the better for being kept back. It is positively offensive to come in contact with those forced children; to find mammas and papas absurd enough to mistake indications of talent for talent itself, and treating you to little miss or little master's poetry or prose. Well, my dear lady," he added, ashamed of his pettishness, "I have at least to thank you for your patience; you have listened to me, and I thank you. I will go, if you please, to-morrow, if it were only to prove how I value your forbearance; but just look at our flowers and this new forcing house, which, I think, you have not seen, and which our gardener would have, because the clever family have one." Mrs Erris looked at the flowers; the doctor having set aside the subject they talked of, she knew would not return to it; so she admired the plants, and the good old gentleman's anxiety for Lucy and Albert was for a few minutes obliterated by the interest he felt in his favourite flowers. On leaving the conservatory for the forcing-house, they found the gardener busied with some plants that had been placed upon a stand; amongst them was a white moss rose, its green leaves fading; the buds, through whose soft moss the faint streak of white was more or less visible, hung their heads, from their feeble and seemingly twisted stems.

"It won't do, Tom—all your care won't do now," said Dr Russel to the gardener; "if you had been content to urge, not force the plant forward, it might have lived and flourished in the conservatory. Now it is gone—gone for ever."

"It was so beautiful, sir," said the man; "I never saw anything more beautiful. I didn't like to be outdone in early flowering by Mr Diggons's gardener, and got more heat on; and I'm sorry to say this is not the first plant that has served me so; the blossoms have dropped off many; so that, after all my care, and though willing to sacrifice the plant for one good flowering, it won't always give that, but die away—right away."

"The rose would have been healthy enough in the conservatory, I suppose?" said the doctor.

"Bless you, sir, it would have lived long enough to make a timber tree if I wanted it; but such fierce forcing cuts them off even before they blossom. It's a principle in nature, sir; my old governor never would have anything forced beyond nature. 'Thomas,' he used to say to me, 'let us help nature; let us assist the old gentlewoman as well as we can—she deserves it of us; and it is our duty, as well as our interest, to keep friends with her, for there's one thing certain, she won't stand no nonsense.' He was a plain spoken Scotchman, sir; but, like all of his country, he had a great acquaintance with nature."

The doctor made no further observation; but a glance at Mrs Erris showed him that her face was bathed in tears.

EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN COMMISSION.

LACE-MAKING.

MACHINERY, supplying the place of superior dexterity, has been the chief cause of the increased employment of children, during the last dozen years, in every branch of British manufacture; for the little it fails to leave incomplete, can be performed as well by children at low, as adults at high wages. The more perfect the machinery, therefore, the greater will be the number of children employed to assist its operations. It is for this reason that a large majority of the infant-labouring population is occupied in weaving; mechanical contrivance having reached its highest point in that art, but most signally in the weaving of lace. Dr Ure remarks of that peculiar lace known by the name of bobbin-net, that it "may be said to surpass every other branch of human industry, in the complex ingenuity of its machinery; one of Fisher's spotting frames being as much beyond the most curious chromometer, in multiplicity of mechanical device, as that is beyond a common roasting-jack." So perfect are the lace-machines worked by steam power, which came under sub-commissioner Grainger's observation in the great seats of the manufacture, that the occupation of the human beings employed "consists simply of minding or watching the progress of the work, and in rectifying errors when they arise;" seldom, let us remark, from any defect of the machinery, but from the unevenness of threads, or from their having been badly wound on the bobbins or reels; "the machine," continues Mr Grainger, "being so perfect, that no part of the actual work is required to be done by the mechanic." The boys placed to mind the machines are seldom older than fourteen; but "in eight instances, taken from witnesses without selection, two began at eleven years old, two at twelve, and four at

thirteen." Children are also employed to tend hand-frames, for some portions of the process can be done by children, however imperfect the machinery. Lace made on pillows by hand has been nearly superseded by bobbin-net lace produced by machinery. No estimate can be formed of how many children are employed in lace-making; but the report states the number of machines in England at 3547. In 1835, the total value of lace sold amounted to £2,212,000; and yet a 24-rack piece, five quarters broad, which formerly fetched £17, can now be purchased for 7s. in the wholesale market.

To describe the intricate process of lace-making, is an impossible task without the aid of engravings, though enough can be said to show the nature of the employment, in illustration of the condition of the young operatives. The "frame" or machine in which the lace is made, is supplied with the thread by means of small reels or "bobbins." These consist of two circular pieces of brass fixed at each end of a short axis or groove, the small intervening space being filled with thread—a process called "winding," and chiefly performed by girls, who begin about the age of twelve or fourteen, "very rarely earlier, because it requires great care." The bobbins, when filled with thread, pass into other hands, to be placed in a carriage, at the top of which is a hole, seldom larger than the eye of a needle, through which the remaining end of the thread must be thrust. This operation, called "threading," is chiefly done by boys. The bobbins, with their carriages—which, when placed upon the machine, act as vehicles for the supply of thread, and also as substitutes for the primitive "shuttle"—are quite separate from the machine while being wound and threaded. This peculiarity has the effect of lengthening the hours of attendance, if not of labour, most unreasonably; for when one piece of net "comes off" the frame (or is finished), a sufficient number of children must be ready to supply it with a fresh set of bobbins, even if they be required in the middle of the night. George Stinson, thirteen years old, of Mr Burton's factory, Nottingham, gives the following account of his labours, which is unhappily by no means an unfair sample of the condition and employment of his fellows:—

"Can say A, B, C. Has been a threader four or five years. Worked for two or three years for Mr Astell. Used to go sometimes at four A.M.; very often went at two in the morning, having left at nine or ten the night before. Was often called up by the men to go and thread. Used to go to bed not expecting to be called up, and often was sent for in the night. A good many machines sometimes came off together. His father took him away because the work was so hard. When he went first to Mr Astell's he was about eight years old. Got very tired and 'sleepy like.' If he went to sleep he was shaken to wake him up; and if they did not go on them got the cane. There were nine boys at Mr Astell's; some bigger, some less. After some time the boys were divided into a day and night set, but the number was not increased. After he left Mr Astell's, he went to Broad Marsh for three months. This is a mile and a-half from Carrington, where witness lived. Threaded for Mr Clark. During this time only came home two nights in the week, Friday and Saturday. They used often to be kept up till two in the morning; then they lay down on the men's old jackets for a couple of hours, and then they were called up again to thread. Only got these two hours' sleep in each of the four nights he stopped at the factory. This went on for three months: his father then took him away, because 'he thought he wanted a rest.' He was at home for this purpose three months. Earned 2s. 6d. a-week. His father was out of work then, it being winter; his business is gardening. There were nine other boys at Broad Marsh; some bigger, some less than witness. Witness's brother worked for the same time at Broad Marsh. Was made very ill by the work; 'used to have very rosy cheeks before that, but has none since.' His father thought it stopped his growth. Is very short of his age; and thinks he will not grow any more. Earns 4s. to 4s. 9d. a-week."

The brother of this witness, aged nineteen, corroborates him thus:—"About three years ago was a threader for one month at Broad Marsh. There were no regular hours of work; often stopped three or four nights a week. 'When they came home it was a bit of treat to them.' When he stopped all night, was liable to be called up whenever a machine came off. Used to get one, two, or three hours' sleep, lying on the floor in an empty room. No beds, mattresses, or blankets were provided. All the boys fared alike. The account given by his brother, the last witness, is quite correct. Threaded at Broad Marsh for a person who wound, called 'Nap,' was paid by him; earned 4s. 6d. Threaded for ten or eleven machines belonging to Mr Johnson, Clarke, Woodhouse, and others. Used to get very tired, and was pleased when he got away. His brother was at that time about nine years old; he is at times very ill, and very short of his age."

Thus, though the work is not hard, the children are harassed by continued and irregular attendance. "There is," says Mr Astell, a Nottingham manufacturer, "this peculiarity in the lace trade, that although the threaders are liable to be called for at any time between 4 A.M. and 12 at night, yet they only actually work about eight or nine hours, so that if there were two sets above thirteen years of age, each would work four hours or four hours and a-half; whilst

those under thirteen years, working in three sets, would be actually employed not more than two hours and a-half or three hours per diem."

The winders are in no better condition. One of them (Ann Cliff, aged seventeen) states that she "has wound brass bobbins three years; and before that, for one year and a-half wound cotton on wooden bobbins; began at six or seven years of age as a threader; was a threader in Mr Sewell's factory, Carrington. The engine went twenty hours, and on Friday all night. When she first began, they used to thread the machines which came off as late as 10 and 11 P.M., so that sometimes she was kept till 12 and 2 in the morning; this did not often happen. Very often was called at 4 A.M. 'They generally reckoned 4 o'clock if the machine was off at night.' Sometimes, but not often, has got up at 4 A.M., and has not gone to bed before 12, 1, and 2 in the morning. The work of threading is very irregular; it tried her eyes, and made one weak."

The obvious remedy for this irregularity in labour hours which suggests itself is, that the winders and threaders should prepare several sets of bobbins, which might be ready at all hours, and put upon the machines as they are wanted; but, unfortunately, it is found that, from some unexplained cause, the threads will not work unless used immediately after being wound upon the bobbins. This disadvantage causes, as has already appeared, as great a demand for night as for day work, and consequently the eyesight suffers as much from the glare of gas as from the minute objects with which the winders and threaders are employed. The next branch of the business is even more injurious in this respect. After the bobbins are placed in the frame, it is the duty of a workman to superintend their motions. He has to watch the whole breadth of a machine, in which 3600 bobbins pass through as many guide-threads a hundred threads a minute!" Should any fault occur, he must adjust it on the instant.

After the piece of lace is taken from the frame, it undergoes various processes, such as "drawing," that is, drawing out with a needle the threads holding together the individual widths, which, in figured and fancy lace, make up the entire piece as it comes from the machine. Then follow mending (rectifying the faults of the frame with a needle and thread), embroidering, pearlring, and hemming. The sub-commissioner says, "A large number of children, mostly girls, are employed in all these processes, which more or less are performed with the needle. In fact, I believe that almost all the children of the labouring classes in Nottingham are engaged at a very early age in one or other of the several branches of the lace-manufacture and hosiery trade, 'as soon as they can tie a knot and use a needle.'" It is in these departments of the trade that we see infant labour in its worst light. The article leaves the manufactory, and is intrusted, for the above operations, to small masters and mistresses, who work at their own houses, and employ children. The number of hours these infant-victims are kept incessantly at work, in confined apartments, and the tender ages at which they are put to it, would be incredible, unless well attested by the report. In the following evidence, we find that a child was placed at work by its parent when it was two years old:—"Mrs Houghton, Walker-street, New Stenton: Is a lace-drawer, and has four children—Harriet eight years, Anne six, Mary four, and Eliza two years old; of these the three elder are employed as lace-drawers. Harriet was not quite three when she began to work, Anne was about the same, and Mary was not quite two years old! Eliza 'has tried, and drawn a few threads out. Begins generally at 6 A.M. in the summer, and 7 in the winter; in the former, goes on till dark; in the latter, till 10 P.M. The two biggest children work with witness these hours; Mary begins at the same time in the morning, but she leaves off about 6 P.M. The children have no time to go out to play; 'they go out very seldom.' Have breakfast whilst they have time to get it; the same with dinner and tea. Have about a quarter of an hour for each meal. If the children were paid, the eldest would earn about 2s., the second 1s. 6d., and the youngest 1s. a-week. Earns herself, with plenty of work, about 1s. a-day; but at present it is very slack. The children are obliged to sit at their work; they sit all day. The work tries the eyes; the black is the worst; 'it is dreary work.' The children have very good health; they go to a Sunday-school. Her husband is a joiner; he has not had more than half work for two months. He has generally regular work; his regular wages are 23s. a-week. Witness works for Mrs Woodward, an agent. Does not know how much is paid by the warehouse. There is a ticket with the number of yards, but the price is not marked on it. The agent has a profit, but she does not know how much."

The room and house," observes the commissioner, "are comfortable, and decently furnished. There are in the sitting-room two tables, seven chairs, a brass-warming pan, three brass candlesticks, a good clock, with a case. The house has four rooms—two bedrooms, a front and back kitchen; rent 2s. 8d. a-week. There is one pump for ten houses. The children are very

fine and pretty girls, and appear healthy; the two younger sit perched upon chairs, their legs being too short to reach the ground."

There are some instances of parents living almost entirely upon the slavery of their offspring. Mr T. H. Smith, a twenty-five years' resident of Nottingham, has "known many parents come out of the country merely to live on the labour of their young children. In one case, a short time ago, a widow came with three children, of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years of age, out of Derbyshire. These children were sent into a factory, the mother being only employed in preparing their meals and getting them up early enough in the morning. They did not come home to their meals; these were taken in the factory. All these children died in eighteen months, and witness thought this resulted from their employment. Almost all the families employed in the manufactures of Nottingham are, with few exceptions, supported more or less by the labour of their children. Among other evils of this system is, that by reversing the order of nature, children become at an early age independent of their parents; in many cases the latter are even obliged to act as menials to their children. Another class of evils is, that worthless fathers are enabled to spend their time in low pot-houses out of the earnings of their children."

Archdeacon Wilkins remarks, in a letter to the sub-commissioner, "it is not uncommon to find that the parents, the fathers in particular, not only do little or nothing towards the maintenance of their family, but live idly upon the earnings of the younger members of it." Other and even more shocking evils arise from the extreme reduction which has taken place in the wages of lace-makers. So incessant are the demands upon their time, that, continues the archdeacon, though "the best workwomen amongst them can earn much, as much as they can want for food and decent dress, yet, if they marry, they are ejected from the warehouse, as domestic duties, particularly when connected with a young family, demand their time, and break up too much into the stipulated portion of time to be devoted to work;" whilst those who do marry, resort to a horrible expedient. Having no time to attend to their families, nor even to discharge the first and most sacred duty of mothers—that of suckling their offspring—they freely administer opium in some form or other to their infants, in order to prevent their cries interfering with the protracted labour by which they strive to obtain a miserable subsistence!"

A. B., a chemist and druggist of Nottingham, makes the following appalling statement:—"Among the poorest classes it is a common practice of mothers to administer Godfrey's cordial and laudanum to their infants; the object is to keep them quiet whilst the mother is at work. A case occurred a short time ago of a mother coming into the shop with her child in her arms. Witness remonstrated against giving it laudanum, and told the mother she had better go home and put the child in a bucket of water—it would have been the most humane place of putting it out of the way." The mother replied, that the infant had been used to the laudanum, and must have it, and that it took a halfpenny-worth a-day, or sixty drops. Does not know what has become of the child, but "supposes it is done for by this time." It is not uncommon for mothers to begin this practice with infants of a fortnight old; commencing with half a teaspoonful of Godfrey's, or one or two drops of laudanum. Has known an infant killed with three drops of laudanum, but nothing was said about it. Knows that many infants die by degrees, and that no inquest or other inquiry is made. Has known some odd cases where surgeons have been called to apply the stomach-pump; but 'infants go off quickly; they are not like grown people.' A case of sudden death in an infant from laudanum occurred about three years ago, in which an inquest was held at the sign of the Fox, from Godfrey's cordial. Heard that four children of the same family had died in the same way. The infants which die in a more insidious manner become pale and emaciated and tremulous, and at last seem to sink from emaciation or a decline. The system has considerably increased since witness has been in the business, which he attributes to the abject poverty of the people. Some females, lace-runners, do not get more than half-a-crown per week. Mothers say they have not time to nurse their children, as they must work so many hours to obtain this pittance of a living, 'if it be a living.' A frequent cause of great distress is the drunken habits of the father; but this has diminished since 'teetotalism' has been introduced."

This dreadful testimony is supported by many evidences. Amongst others, we add that of Sarah Johnson, forty-three years old. "Has lived in Nottingham all her life. Knows it is quite a common custom for mothers to give Godfrey's and the Androdyne cordial to their infants; 'it is quite too common.' It is given to infants at the breast; it is not given because the child is ill, but 'to compose it to rest, to sleep it,' so that the mother may get to work. 'Has seen an infant lay asleep on its mother's lap, whilst at the lace-frame, for six or eight hours at a time.' This has been from the effects of the cordial; has never known an infant die suddenly from this cause; has seen many made 'very poor creatures by it'; they get very thin: the joints and the head enlarge; they become remarkably listless, and they look vacant. The cordial is discontinued between two and three years old: at

* Report by R. D. Grainger, Esq. Part I. F. 3.

† All this was interrupted with 'Mind your work,' 'Take care,' 'Make haste,' 'Now, Anne, get on,' 'Mind your work.'

this age has known several to have the appearance of idiots. From three to four years old, the laudanum being discontinued, the children "generally begin to come round," if they get over the seasoning. In the present state of trade, it would be impossible for men to do without their wives labouring; they must work, however many children they may have: from the same cause, the children must go out to work as soon as they are able to use the needle. In Nottingham, the girls begin to work younger than the boys, because "it is rather more natural for them to handle the needle."

The picture presented by this report is too strongly marked with the darkest shades of infantine misery to need any comment. From the very cradle, the health, and perhaps intellects, of the children are injured by laudanum; then, "if they get over the seasoning," they are put to constant work at incredibly tender ages. When they grow up to become threaders and winders, the picture is thus completed by Mr Grainger:—"There can, in fact, be but few states more immediately leading to vice and profligacy. Children of both sexes are called out of their parents' houses at all hours of the night, and as it is quite uncertain how long they may be required, whether for two hours or the whole night, a ready and unanswerable excuse for staying out is furnished. The threaders, who are usually boys, and the winders, who are generally girls, are required at the same time, and thus have every facility for forming improper connexions. The natural results of such a noxious system are but too apparent, and must have contributed in no slight degree to the immorality which, according to the opinion universally expressed, prevails to a most awful extent in Nottingham. In addition to the immediate evils to the children themselves, the domestic peace and comfort of the families of which they are members are sacrificed to this most unnatural state of things."

The fair wearers of lace will be distressed to learn that the elegant and highly ornamental article, of which they are the sole consumers, is produced at the expense of so much misery and immorality. We may fully count, therefore, upon their assistance in meliorating the condition of the wretched beings whose sufferings are described in this report, as soon as any feasible and general remedy shall be proposed.

OLD ENGLISH FAMILIES.

THE STANLEYS.

Few surnames figure so often in English history as that of Stanley. It belongs to the Earls of Derby, whose earliest recorded ancestor that bore it was William de Stanley, of Stanleigh, Derbyshire, who flourished in the reign of Henry III. The son of this gentleman was knighted, and his fourth descendant, Sir John Stanley, was a very considerable personage in the time of Richard II., Henry IV. and V. It was not till 1485 that the family was raised to the peerage. Thomas having married Eleanor, sister of the celebrated Warwick, "the king-maker," procured through the means of his doughty brother-in-law sufficient court favour to obtain the title of Earl of Derby, which is retained by his descendant at this day. His first wife having died, he married again. Margaret of Lancaster, his second wife, had already been twice married, and was, by her first husband, the Earl of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., and grandmother to Henry VIII. Her character is highly praised by historians. "Though," says Lodge, "she stepped widely out of the usual sphere of her sex to encourage literature by her example and her bounty, yet she cautiously confined herself within it, to avoid any concern in the government of the state after Henry had mounted the throne." She was a great patroness of literature, and founded a number of splendid public foundations dedicated to learning and charity. Among these may be mentioned St John's and Christ's colleges in Cambridge; a perpetual divinity lecture in that university, and another in that of Oxford; an alms-house near Westminster Abbey for poor women, and a free school at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. She died on the 29th June 1509, three months after the accession of her grandson, Henry VIII., and was buried in the superb chapel in Westminster Abbey, having survived the Earl of Derby five years.

Sir Edward Stanley, the fifth son of the first Earl of Derby by his first wife, was a celebrated warrior, and early received the notice and favour of his sovereign King Henry VIII. It is said of him, "His camp was his school, and his learning the pike and sword." The king's greeting when they met was, "Ha! my soldier." It is stated in an old chronicle that he commanded one wing of his father's troops at the battle of Bosworth Field. At the battle of Flodden he commanded the left wing of the English army, and through his great valour and skill mainly contributed to its success on that memorable day. The left wing of the Scottish army, under the Earls of Huntley and Home, routed the right wing of the English under Sir Edmund Howard. But the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, were unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The king and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict,

James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported, also, by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scotch, pursued his career of victory, and attacked the right flank and rear of James's division. The result is well-known. The Scottish army lost from eight to ten thousand men, including their king and the very flower of their nobility and gentry; while the loss on the part of the English, though severe, consisted almost entirely of persons of inferior note. Upon this signal achievement, Sir Edward Stanley received a letter of thanks from his royal master. And, as a still further mark of his majesty's gratitude, the year ensuing, when the king kept Whitauntide at Eltham, in Kent, Sir Edward being in his train, he commanded that for his valiant acts against the Scots, when he won the hill and relieved the English from their distress, he should be created Lord Monteagle, in allusion to the family crest. The readers of Marmon will recollect the references in that poem to Sir Edward Stanley's ex-plots.

"Far on the left, unseen while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied :
Twas vain. * * *
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry. * * *
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmon."

This was not the first time, however, that the exploits of Sir Edward Stanley were celebrated in verse. In the Harleian collection of manuscripts in the British Museum, there is an ancient metrical history of the battle of Flodden field in nine "fittes or cantos," occupying sixty-six closely written quarto pages, eulogizing the valiant deeds of that "most courageous knight, Sir Edward Standley, whoe, for his prowis and valiantness shewed at the said battell, was made Lord Mount Eagle, as the sequell declareth." We may give an extract or two from this very curious document. The poet represents the king as enumerating to the Earl of Surrey the persons whom he should call to his standard.

"There is Sir Edward Standley stowie,
For martial skill clear without make,
Of Lathom House by Lyne came out,
Whose blood will never turn their back;
All Lancashire will live and die
With him, so cheifie will Cheshire :
For through his father's force, quoth he,
This kingdom first came to my syre.
* * *
Sir Edward Standley stiff in stower,
He is the man on whom I mean ;
With him did pass a mighty power
Of soldiers seemly to be seen ;
Most liues lads on Lonsdale bred,
With weapons of unwieldy weight ;
All such as Tatham fells had fed
Went under Standley's streamer bright.
From Boland bilmen bold were bound,
With such as Bretton banks did aid ;
All Lancashire for the most part
The lusty Standley stout can lead.
A stock of striplings, strong of heart,
Brought up from babes with beef and bread ;
From Warton unto Warrington,
From Wiggen unto Wiresdale,
From Weddecon to Waddington,
From Ribchester to Rachdale,
From Poulton to Preston with Pikes,
They with the Standley out forth went ;
From Pemberton and Pillin Dikes,
For battle bilmen bold were bent ;
With fellows fierce and fresh for fight,
Which Halton fields did turn in foors,
With lusty lads, liver, and light,
From Blackbome and Bolton in the Moors ;
With children chosen from Cheshire,
In armour bold for battle drest,
And many a gentleman and squire
Were under Standley's streamer prest, &c.

The poet then narrates the progress of the battle, and ends with celebrating the victory.

The splendid achievement at Flodden was not the only example of Sir Edward Stanley's bravery and military skill. "Twice did he and Sir John Wallop penetrate with only eight hundred men into the very heart of France, and four times did he and Sir Thomas Lovell save Calais—the first time by intelligence, the second by stratagem, the third by their valour and undaunted courage, and the fourth by their unwearied patience and assiduity." In the formidable insurrection which, immediately after the suppression of the monasteries, sprung up in the northern counties under the designation of the "Pilgrimage of Grace," the activity and zeal of Sir Edward caused him to outstrip his sovereign's commands, by putting himself at the head of his troops without the king's commission, for which dangerous piece of loyalty he asked pardon, and received thanks. In spite of these numerous noble deeds, the character of this successful warrior was tarnished by great vices. In Whitaker's "Whalley" there is a reference to some dark transactions, through which he obtained possession of the estate of Hornby; and the same historian remarks in another work, "From several hints obliquely thrown

out by friends as well as enemies, this man appears to have been a very wicked person, for we find him loudly accused of having poisoned his brother-in-law, John Harrington, by the agency of a servant; and he is suspected also of having, through subornation of perjury, proved, or attempted to prove, himself tenant of the honour of Hornby." This unfavourable view of Sir Edward's character is corroborated by a statement in the will of his nephew, George Lord Strange, that "whereas his uncle, Sir Edward Stanley, knight, Lord Monteagle, enjoyed of his gift and grant the castle and demesnes of Hornby and other manors, for the especial care, trust, and kindness he then found and supposed he had to him, which estates he held on conditions; he now wills that, for the great unkindness he since found and does find in his uncle, and for that he has not observed or performed the said conditions, he should have none of the rents and profits thereof, but that the said gifts, grants, &c., be null and void." In spite of this testamentary deed, however, Lord Monteagle retained possession of the estate of Hornby, and transmitted it to his posterity. That beautiful structure, Hornby chapel, was erected by him in consequence, it is said, of a vow made at Flodden.

This tradition, however, is combated by Mr Roby, who affirms that the chapel was erected at a much later period of his life, as a token of repentance of his crimes, and says it is recorded that Sir Edward Stanley, Baron Monteagle, died in the faith he had once despised. William, grandson of Sir Edward, and third Lord Monteagle, left an only daughter, Elizabeth, his sole heir, wife of Edward Parker, Lord Morley, whose son, William, by her, was Lord Morley and Monteagle, to whom the letter was addressed intimating the Gunpowder Plot.

Hornby castle, to which reference has been made in the preceding sketch, stands on the site of a Roman villa, on the summit of a bold coniform rock, rising wood-clothed from the shore of the Wenning. It was defaced during the civil wars. "What remains of the old edifice," says Mrs Radcliffe, "is a square gray building, with a slender watch-tower rising in one corner like a feather in a hat, which joins the modern mansion of white stone, and gives it a singular appearance, by seeming to start from the centre of its roof." The square tower or keep thus referred to was the work of Sir Edward Stanley. It is of prodigious strength, and on one side is the motto of the founder, "Glaive et sword and glove," thus—

GLAV ET GANT
E. STANLEY.

The surrounding scenery is exquisitely beautiful.

Edward, third Earl of Derby, was, during his minority, in the retinue of Cardinal Wolsey, whose magnificence in later life he seems to have emulated. The details of the public life of this excellent person lie within a narrow compass, but his mild and retired virtues have not been passed over in silence by the chroniclers of his day. "With Edward Earl of Derby's death," says Camden, "the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep." Stowe, with his usual simplicity, tells us of his offer of ten thousand men to the queen, at his own charge, for the suppression of the last rebellion (by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland in 1569)—"his goodly disposition to his tenants"—"his liberality to strangers"—"his famous housekeeping"—"meat, drink, money, and money's worth," to two thousand seven hundred every Good Friday for five-and-thirty years—feeding the aged in number threescore and ten twice a-day, besides all comers thrice a-week; and, what is by no means to be omitted, "his cunning in setting bones, disjointed or broken—his surgery, and desire to help the poor." The biographer, Lloyd, with a quaintness more elegant, says, that "his greatness supported his goodness, and his goodness endeared his greatness, his height being looked upon with a double aspect; by himself as an advantage of beneficence, by others as a ground of reverence."

Sir Thomas Stanley, the grandson of this nobleman, was the father of Venetia Stanley, "a lady," says Clarendon, "though of an extraordinary beauty, of an extraordinary fame." "There is a peculiar and universal charm," says a lively writer, "in the name of Venetia Stanley. Her singular story, her connexion with the eccentric philosopher (Sir Kenelm Digby), her accomplishments, and the portraits which still bloom with her unexampled loveliness, will ever excite an interest in whatever is connected with her name." Sir Edward Stanley, her father, is said to have been so deeply affected at the death of his wife, Lucy, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland, that he secluded himself altogether from the world, and committed his infant to the care of a kinsman at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire. There she first met with her future husband, the famous Sir Kenelm Digby, son of that Sir Everard Digby who suffered, at the age of twenty-four, for his share in the Gunpowder Plot. Their early, indeed almost infantine, attachment is reverted to in after life, with considerable pathos, by the highly gifted but eccentric philosopher. "The first time," he says, "that ever they had sight of one another, they grew so fond of each other's company, that all who saw them said assuredly that some-

* A very interesting account of the character of Lord Monteagle is given by this author in his "Traditions of Lancashire," vol. i. p. 231.

thing above their tender capacity breathed this sweet affection into their hearts." A number of very amusing, but evidently exaggerated details, respecting this frail beauty, have been handed down by that singular gossip and scandal-monger John Aubrey; and Sir Kenelm himself, in the memoirs of his own life, under the title of "Loose Fantasies," has given a highly coloured account of some singular incidents which occurred to his lady previous to her marriage. He seems to have been prompted to this task, partly by a desire to make a plausible apology for his marriage, partly by admiration of Venetia's beauty. All her contemporaries, indeed, speak of her person as extremely beautiful. Ben Jonson, who calls her his muse, and lingers on her person and character with unbounded admiration, composed no fewer than ten pieces on her death, which is supposed to have been hastened by the odd medical experiments of her husband. Of Sir Kenelm Digby little need be said; his life, which was that of a scholar, soldier, courtier, divine, orator, and politician, all in combination, was brought to a close, June 11, 1665, in the sixty-second year of his age, and he was buried in Christ-church, London, where, several years before his death, he had erected a superb monument in memory of his wife.

We shall have something more to say on this subject next week.

AMATEUR POETS.

SCARCELY a week passes but some amateur poet sends us his "compliments" inscribed upon the blank leaf of a volume of verses, of which he begs our acceptance. Several shelves in our library, therefore, are filled with an accumulation of presentation copies, which—ungrateful as the assertion may appear—we have never been able to put to any advantageous use. Coleridge, we believe, was wont to observe, that he never dipped into a book—he it ever so stupid—without deriving from it some new fact or suggestion. We, alas, have not been so fortunate with our piles of amateur poetry. We have perused the most readable, glanced at the least practicable, in vain, and nothing new has presented itself, even in errors. They all bear abundant evidence that their authors have become inspired by some great prototype; and wherever Byron, Moore, or Scott lead, there they enthusiastically follow. To so undiscriminating a pitch is admiration of their favourite masters carried, that, with the most affectionate zeal, they copy even their faults; while, in trying to imitate beauties, they too often turn the sublimity of their models into their own bathos.

These may seem, to our numerous benefactors of poetry-books, very hard words; but they nevertheless express what in nine cases out of ten is the truth; we might add the melancholy truth; for it is with feelings akin to melancholy that we view the masses of misapplied intellectual labour which are ranged upon our library shelves; exhibiting, as they do in almost every volume, a certain amount of literary talent, which, had it been bent in a better but humbler direction, would have been of essential service to the individual himself, and perhaps to mankind in general. With these views, we would venture one or two remarks, by way of warning and advice, to those who have mistaken a taste for the poetry of others for the ability to write poetry of their own.

The generality of probationary rhymers appear to be of three kinds: those who have all the yearnings after poetic fame, and possibly some genuine poetical feelings, without the requisite knowledge of literary composition as an art, to put their ideas in an intelligible shape. Secondly, rhymers of ultra-classical education, who have intently studied the art of poetry, but are not fortunate in possessing natural genius upon which to exercise it. Thirdly, of the less literate among the middle and upper classes, who have received the ordinary education of gentlemen.

The first-mentioned section of amateur poets may be well represented by an individual, whom we shall suppose to be a person in comparatively humble life, and has received a plain education. He employs his spare time in reading; and happening to light, perhaps by accident, upon the works of Byron, he conceives an enthusiastic admiration for them, and is henceforth bitten with a poetical mania. This develops itself in a constant habit of writing verses, and, though ignorant of the elements of literary composition, he is soon established as a poet amongst his acquaintance. Thus—like a certain class of people which shall be nameless—he rushes in "where angels fear to tread." Had he conceived the same enthusiastic yearning after music, he would have commenced his career by learning his notes; if for painting, he would have begun with the study of drawing; but the poetical aspirant sets up as a master of his art at once.

At the first flight, he soars above the common-place rudiments of literature. The dry details of grammar, and the previous practice of prose composition, he considers utterly beneath the high vocation of the inspired poet. He plunges into the middle of things-poetic immediately, and not knowing his way, soon loses himself in a fog of simile, or sinks into a slough of incomprehensible jargon. Nor does the mischief end here: it extends to his external circumstances. When the victim of supposititious inspiration has collected a sufficient number of his lucubrations to fill a volume, he moves heaven and earth to appear in print. To effect his darling object, he dips into his scanty purse

to pay his printer and their supplementary satellites, stationers and bookbinders. Some of the volumes before us show that the most strenuous and painful efforts have been made before the actual goal of publication could be reached. One of our volumes—manifestly commenced with an unusually limited capital—contains two sorts of paper, which gives rise to the suspicion that a hard-hearted stationer had stopped the supplies, and that the work was delayed till a more confiding paper-dealer could be found. A second conceals very bad print under smart cloth covers with dutch-metal ornaments. A third contains a heavy page of errata, with an apology for any other errors which may have escaped what the author is pleased to call his "vigilance." In short, all these volumes present external evidences of having been subjected to trying difficulties while struggling into existence. Their authors have clearly set their lives upon the cast: but what has been the "hazard of the die?" Alas! the reverse of what they expected. The golden dreams of fame and fortune which cheered on the poet during his fierce struggles with the press, have been reversed rather than realised. Out of five hundred copies, not fifty have been sold; perhaps not twenty; perhaps not even one. As the greater number of these books emanate from a comparatively humble sphere, many an unfortunate youth thus involves his first step in life in serious pecuniary difficulties or severe privations.

Some of our readers are doubtless impatient to ask, is the poetical faculty in humble life to be entirely repressed? Our answer is, by no means; but encouraged by proper means, and directed to proper ends. The first step for the aspirant to take is to obtain knowledge; and if he have a spark of true genius, that he will procure, in spite of every obstacle, as Burns and Hogg did. He will teach himself; he will study the great book of nature, that he may afterwards illuminate it by his imagination; he will be continually storing up in his mind the great facts that surround him, that he may afterwards spread them abroad to others in a more captivating form than they came to him. To be able to accomplish this, he will study the elements of his native language, so as to put words to their right uses, and in their proper places. He will never indulge in the wanderings of mere fancy, but make it subservient to his own experience of nature, that his imagination may impart a strong light and a captivating aspect to truth. He will perceive that to such a purpose all surpassing geniuses have been dedicated. Milton illustrated the great truths of holy writ; Shakespeare either drew his inspiration from history—which is the nearest representative of the truths of the past that can be obtained—or, when he ingrafted his characters upon fiction, the characters themselves were truths—faithful specimens of mankind, derived from an unceasing study of human nature; Byron's greatest poem, "Childe Harold," may be described as a book of travels in verse, and therefore as a series of facts clothed in the radiant garb of poetry. The same may be said of Rogers's "Italy," and Thomson's "Seasons," perhaps the most charming poem of the eighteenth century, was constructed after a patient examination of nature and rural life and scenery. Thus we see that the greatest poets were men who had acquired a considerable fund of information; and whoever would become a great poet, must tread in their steps, and acquire knowledge. Nor is this a difficult matter, even for persons in humble grades of life. The poems under consideration, though they exhibit a very low state of poetry in the minds of their authors, show ingenuity, perseverance, and other valuable qualities, which, if applied to the acquisition of some solid branch of knowledge, would doubtless, in that, insure success. If Ferguson had made verses about the stars, instead of vigorously investigating their nature and positions, so far from becoming a great astronomer, he would have remained a cow-boy, or, what is worse, have sunk into a bad poet.

With these remarks, we take leave of the more humble amateur poets, to approach those members of the rythmical aristocracy, whose elegant volumes grace another division of our shelves. The authors of this part of our collection are evidently in affluent worldly circumstancies, if we may judge from the expensive attire in which their muse appears in public. That stage on the road to fame, from the author's study to the half-way house, or publisher's shop, has manifestly been paved with gold. No struggles appear to have impeded the progress of these handsome volumes through the press; and they form the most brilliant shelf of books in our library. The bindings are elegant, the typography faultless, the paper hot-pressed. Externally, they revel in all the glories of embossed covers, of profusely gilt edges and backs; internally, "rivers of type flow through meadows of margin," whilst the matter is hardly less elegant than the manner. Most of the subjects chosen by each section of educated amateur poets are above the least suspicion of vulgarity. Their views of the universe, the moon and stars, the soul, immortality, paradise, human passion, love, despair, revenge, and all the other subjects patented for poetry, are of the gentlest and most delicate kind; so as to be quite proper for introduction into polite society. Whenever an attempt is made to draw from nature, she is seldom copied in her working-dress, but decked in her most fashionable suits; though such attempts are rarely made, all amateurs generally preferring to copy from foregone poets. With the highly educated, this is

even more the case than with the humbler class of poetical amateurs; because they have read more extensively, and have consequently a larger stock of second-hand ideas on hand.

And this brings us to consider more minutely the second division of the subject, or the classically learned genera of amateur versifiers, who carry their love of the ancients so far, that they recoil with apparent intention from indulging their readers with a new thought, even if they possess one. Some of the volumes we have looked over are by graduates of universities, and nothing can exceed the purity of their style or the correctness of their metres. Hence these ultra-classical bards must be regarded as antipodes to the unlettered poets we commenced with. All the sacrifices of the one are made at the shrine of art, of which the other possess none. Nothing can exceed the propriety of the epithets, the formality of the alliterations, the exactitude of the rhymes. The prosody is in general mathematically true, the numbers appearing to have been told off into feet by means of rigid scanning. Art with this section of aspirants is everything; nature and enthusiasm nothing. If, from the flint of their mathematical minds, a spark of poetical fire be accidentally struck out, it is sure to be smothered by the wet blanket of a musty prosodial rule or philological difficulty. Still, it is possible to read such works, because they exhibit at least one essential of poetry; while the lucubrations of their antipodes, possessing none at all, are decidedly unreadable; for which reason we have not been able, with satisfaction to ourselves, to quote specimens of their muse.

We now pass, thirdly, to the well-informed amateur poets—"the mob of gentlemen who write with ease." Their poems are usually printed for private distribution, and sent round to their friends, from whom the donors generally receive expressions of praise, that often embolden them to send copies to the critics, which perhaps accounts for the number of privately-printed volumes in our collection. Should the commendation bestowed by private friendship be echoed by the press, a bolder step is taken. A new title-page is printed, a new preface written, and the work is regularly published. In excuse for so great a venture, it is generally stated that it was made "at the suggestion of several discriminating, but perhaps too partial friends." This discriminating partiality is not often shared by the public, for we never heard of a genuine second edition of such works. The authors, wanting both the rough vigour of illiterate, and the artistic knowledge of classical versifiers, usually produce a sort of drawing-room poem, which has in it nothing to provoke praise, censure, nor indeed anything, but sleep. This class is made up of dilettante travellers, soldier and naval officers, who, having seen strange places, wonderful sieges, or horrible shipwrecks, feel inspired to write poems upon them. On the other hand, there are many tasteful minds who employ their leisure in cultivating literary pursuits, and in occasionally throwing off an epigram or a sonnet for the amusement of their family circle, who at length tease them into publishing. These are decidedly the best poets of their kind.

We cannot take our leave of this subject more prettily than by saying a few words on lady amateur poets. The volumes which they have done us the honour to forward, we prize and cherish with becoming gallantry. Nor are we less interested with their contents; for, taking them as a whole, we find them infinitely superior to the efforts of our own sex. There are many reasons for this superiority; so many, and all so likely to involve us in a dull metaphysical discussion, that we have neither room nor inclination to state them. But we may just remark, that surely there is nothing which tends to enhance the graces of woman more effectually than a true taste for poetry, provided it be not indulged at the expense of her ordinary duties; we say a true taste, because we are sorry to perceive that some of our female friends have mistaken a sickly sentimentality for genuine poetry. Such exceptions are, however, happily few.

Finally, we intreat amateur poets of every age, sex, and condition, to study nature, instead of dreaming about her; and when they have acquired the materials of poetry (knowledge), to possess themselves of its necessary implement (art); and provided they are blessed with enthusiasm and genius, they will become good poets. Without at least some of these requisites, they must continue, we fear, very bad ones. The quantity of readable poetry being much greater now than it was fifty years ago, it is correspondingly difficult for a poet to stand out in relief from the mass, and to make an impression. The spread of education has improved the intellectual taste of the public, which has grown so critical, that nothing short of high merit will please. In this state of affairs, we in all kindness would recommend our poetically-inclined friends to turn their mental energies to better account than hammering crude ideas into verses. There is scarcely a district of country which does not offer something worthy of noting down and describing, be it even for private recreation and literary discipline. The "Natural History of Selbourne," one of the most pleasing books that was ever published, is exactly of this nature. Now, it is in the power of almost every person to write such a book, though not so cleverly and poetically, perhaps, as the Rev. Gilbert White. Would, therefore, our amateur-poets favour us with works of this class, or the printed result of any branch of useful investigation in sober and sensible prose, we shall not

only feel grateful, but do all in our power to advance their views : they would also advance their own ; for, having stored up a fund of knowledge, their imaginations would take a healthy and vigorous tone, their practical faculties would expand and brighten, and they would become poets in the best signification of that much-abused word.

ORIGINS OF WORDS.

ONE of the very material differences between the old and new methods of elementary instruction is simply this—that while by the old plan the pupil was taught to read, by the new he is taught not only to read, but to understand what he is reading about. In the hands of a clever teacher, therefore, an English education—once little better than a mechanical process—is now invested with a vast deal of interest, and forms the proper basis of an extensive mental discipline. One main feature in the improved method of instruction is an elucidation of the origin and meanings of words. An idea used at one time to be prevalent, that English could only be understood by the study of Latin, a proposition more plausible than true, for the English tongue is, on the whole, indebted to Latin only in a small degree in comparison with the languages of Teutonic origin ; in other words, the most proficient Latin, and, we may add, Greek scholar, unless specially informed on the subject, necessarily remains ignorant of the roots of not fewer than four-fifths of all the words in common use.

In order to attain a thorough knowledge of etymology, it must be studied in conjunction with a proper English education, and from books specially devoted to the subject. Independently of the value of such a study as a department of knowledge, due attention to etymology is calculated to foster habits of investigation upon all subjects. The tracing of words from change to change, from country to country, from corruption to purity, up to their respective roots and origin, keeps up not only a continual desire for the investigation of other subjects, but implants a systematic method of proceeding in inquiries of all kinds, over and above the specific benefits to be derived from an important branch of education, which etymology is justly allowed to form.

Besides the utility of English etymology, it is an interesting study, as being in point of fact the verbal history of England. The vicissitudes of our language are thus explained by Mr Graham, whose work, recently published, has led us into these remarks.* “ Its basis is the Anglo-Saxon—the language of the Angles, one of the tribes of that Saxon confederacy which, about the beginning of the sixth century, supplanted the Celtic inhabitants of Britain, and drove them into the mountains of Wales and Scotland. The incursions of the Danes into England, and their settlement in several parts, made little alteration on the Anglo-Saxon, as the Danish tribes were kindred with the Saxon, being descendants of the same great Gothic family. In the eleventh century, the Normans, or North-men, another kindred tribe, who had, two centuries before, seized and possessed that part of France since called Normandy, subdued England. They brought with them the French language, which, in the course of time, they had adopted from the people amongst whom they had been settled. This they continued, in England, to use in common discourse, and in schools and courts of law, for more than two centuries after the Conquest. Yet as they were not so numerous as the Saxon population, the old language finally prevailed ; and though many French words found their way into the English, the bulk of the language continued to be Saxon.

The French tongue being founded on the Latin, its introduction caused the infusion of a great number of Latin words into our language ; afterwards, as Roman literature was studied, a great number of other Latin terms were introduced into English. It is in some measure possible to distinguish the Latin introduced through the French, by the words being more changed in their form than the other Latin terms which were adopted directly by the learned. From the addition of so many Latin words, a species of double language has been formed—the Saxon English, which we commonly employ in conversation, and the Latinised English, which is principally employed in learned composition.

A further addition has been made to the English by the introduction of Greek words. This has been going on since the commencement of the study of Greek literature in the sixteenth century. As we had Latin through the French, we had unconsciously many Greek words through the Latin, which may be regarded as a variety of the Greek. The words which we have received immediately from the Greek are comparatively few, with the exception of terms of art and science, which are now extensively taken from that language.”

There are few words in our language the etymology of which does not corroborate and illustrate some of these truths, and which does not present to the youthful mind some new and startling fact ; and such facts are brought forward by the present writer in a manner calculated not only to instruct but to amuse his pupils. Whilst other etymologists have carried

their researches little beyond the Latin and Greek derivations, Mr Graham has paid particular attention to what he has explained to be the basis of our language, the Anglo-Saxon tongue. To one who has not studied the constitution of this emphatic speech, his work will convey an incalculable amount of instruction, not only as respects the origin of words, but subjects with which the words happen to be associated. It has, for example, puzzled many a youthful collector of entomological specimens to know why the name of his favourite fly should be nearly identical with a principal article of his food ; but when he comes to Mr Graham’s lesson (page 20), he will find that the word *butterfly* has no connexion whatever with butter, but is adopted from the Saxon *buter-flega*, meaning *butter* (Gothic), large, and *flega*, fly. This will also tell him what has perhaps been equally perplexing, the origin of the term *buttercup*. Besides, this will discover that many words appertaining to the same thing, though entirely different in sound, are derived from the same word. Did our limited space permit, we should copy a number of common terms equally interesting. The following may be taken as an example :—

Fellow—a partner ; *fæd* (Gothic) ; *fe*, goods, and *log*, society. *Fe* in the northern languages denoted cattle or money ; in the same way *pecus* (Latin), cattle, is connected with *pecunia*, money.

Gooseberry—from *gēbos* (Saxon), rough, and *berry*. Guild—a society ; from *gild* (Saxon), contribution ; hence, *yield* and *guilt*, originally fine, punishment.

Haw—an enclosure, a hedge ; *haug* (German), an enclosed meadow, *haugh* (Scotch), *augh* (Gaelic). The name *Hague*, the capital of Holland, is derived from these roots.

Hawthorn—a thorn employed in making haws, or hedges.

King—a monarch ; *kong* (Gothic), *kung* (Swedish), *cynig* (Saxon), *könig* (German) ; derived by some from *ken*, *kyn* (Gothic), a nation, people. It may perhaps be as naturally allied with *kennen* (German), to be able, to know, to *ken* ; hence, our auxiliary can.

Lady—*laðia* (Gothic), *laediga* (Saxon), *hlaef*, high. According to some, from *hlaef* (Gothic), bread, and *dian*, to serve ; as the mistress used to distribute the bread to the domestics.

Mould—earth ; *mold* (Gothic), *molde* (Saxon), *mall* (German) ; from *mala* (Gothic), to beat small ; hence, *miles* (Scotch), the earth of the grave. Connected with these, *meal*, *mill* ; *mola* (Latin).

Rich—*rīkr* (Icelandic), powerful ; *reikh* (German), *ryk* (Dutch), *riche* (French), *ric* (Saxon). The termination *ric*, denotes dominion or power ; bishop-*ric*, the dominion of a bishop ; ala-*ric*, all-powerful. Connected with this word, *rex* (Latin), *roi* (French), *re* (Italian), *rey* (Spanish), a king ; and *roy* (Sanskrit), government.

Skull, or skull—of the same origin with *shell* ; *hirschskale* (German), the brain-shell. Some have derived shell, a cup, from *skull*, as our forefathers made cups of the skulls of their enemies. But these words, with the following, are all traceable to *skia* (Gothic), to protect or cover—*scale*, *scalp*, *conceal*, *shield*, *shielding*, *shelter*, *shaw*, *shade*, *screen*, *shrine*, *shirt*, *skin*, *sky*, *skirmish* (to fight under cover), *shan*, *shoe*, *scuttle*.

Shackle—chains for prisoners ; *seccul* (Saxon), *schakel* (Dutch), a link of a chain, what *shakes* ; the *shacke-bone* (Scotch), signifies the wrist-bone, by which prisoners were chained. This is a humiliating word, and must have arisen from the frequency of tyrannical imprisonment in Scotland in early times.

Skill—discernment ; from *skia* (Gothic), division, a seeing of things *saundar* ; *scylas* (Saxon), to divide. The same idea of division is observable in the word discernment, from *cerso* (Latin), to see, and *dis*, *saundor*.

Smith—literally, one who *smites*, one who works in iron ; originally, an artist in general ; from *smithan* (Saxon), *schmiden* (German), to beat, to strike ; hence, perhaps, smooth, what is beaten down ; *smethe* (Saxon), *smidig* (German), soft, pliant.

Ten—derived by Took from *tina* (Saxon), to enclose, as numeration closes with ten ; by others, from *tyna* (Icelandic), to number, in allusion to the natural mode of counting on the fingers. On the same principle, the German *zehn*, and Latin *decim*, have been traced to *tailend*, both hands, or the ten fingers ; from *ten* comes *tithe*, the tenth part assigned to the church.

Thirl—to pierce ; *thirian* (Saxon), to bore, to *drill*, to *thrill* ; hence, *thorn*, and *thirl*, a slave, bondage. The last word has been derived from *thirl*, as our Saxon forefathers bored the ears of their slaves with a nail at the church door. *Nostril*—from *nose* and *thirl*, the bore of the nose.

Wife—a woman that has a husband ; in Saxon and Scotch, also a woman ; *wif* (Saxon), *wib* (German). This word has been traced to *were*, weaving, being at one time the occupation of females ; in the same way, a *spinster*, a young woman, literally one who *spins*.

From these few examples, it may be seen how much information of a really useful and pleasing kind may be obtained from a study of etymology in connexion with Teutonic roots. It is impossible, also, to peruse this portion of Mr Graham’s work, without observing the advantage possessed by the author in being familiar with the Lowland Scottish dialect, which, from similarity of origin, is intimately connected with the old English tongue.

Mr Graham is equally luminous on the subject of Latin roots, but these he presents in a manner some-

what peculiar and striking. Instead of offering lists of words, he gives sentences. To illustrate the advantage of this plan, he observes, “ let it be supposed that the scholar reads from an alphabetical list of words that *implore* is derived from *ploro*, I wail, and signifies, to ask with wailing. Some days or weeks after he comes to *mord*, and reads that the origin of that word is *mordeo*, I bite ; next he meets with *pilgrim*, and sees that it comes from *per*, through, and *ager*, field. But it is a question whether he will be able to retain these separate memoranda in his mind so effectually as when the words are presented to him thus :—

The pilgrim¹ implored² a morsel³ of bread.
Ager, a field ; ² *ploro*, I wail ; ³ *mordeo*, I bite.

It may be said, that in all the books which a boy uses at school, a similar association of words takes place ; but ordinary sentences do not present the same root in so many combinations, nor are they constructed, as is frequently the case in this work, for the special purpose of eliciting the meanings of words. Thus, in the sentence, ‘ To a mind like yours, distractured with so many cares, the following extract from a very attracting story may be welcome,’ the word *trako* is exhibited in three combinations. In the sentence, ‘ The ant is a provident animal, and lays in provision for winter,’ the word *video* is not only exhibited in two meanings, but the origin of the word *provision*, as expressing store laid up in prospect of want, is necessarily pointed out.” In the following sentence, which we select at random, the advantages of this method are still more clearly observable : it is an exercise from the Latin verb *spiro*, I breathe, and its noun *spiritus*, breath :—“ Amongst the conspirators were several aspirants to the throne. The patriot inspired with the love of country, and for its good is ready to expire. The inspired writers are filled with the Spirit of God.” By this mode of giving the exercises, the pupil is forced to employ his own ingenuity in finding out the meaning, and does not rely without reflection on the explanation of the master.

Passing over Mr Graham’s lessons on Greek etymology, we arrive at his miscellaneous derivations, from which we pick a few words that may interest our readers.

Almanac—from *al* (Arabic), the, and *ménos* (Greek), what concerns the moons or months.

Cambric—cloth made at Cambray.

Cipher—from *safra* (Arabic), empty.

Cordovan—leather from Cordova in Spain.

Diaper—^d *Ypres*, literally, from *Ypres* in Flanders.

Gantlope, or Gantlet—a military punishment, in which the criminal, running between the ranks, receives a lash from each man ; from *Gant*, a town in Flanders, and *loop* (Belgie), a race, because this punishment was first invented there.

Milliner—derived by some from *Milan*, and by others from *Malines* ; one that deals in ribbons, &c.

Pistol—derived from *Pistoia*, in Tuscany.

Sauter—from *sancus* (Latin), holy, and *terre* (Latin), the earth or land ; applied to those who wandered about begging under pretence of going to the Holy Land ; or from *sans terre* (French), without a land or home.

Sterling—an epithet by which genuine English money is denominated ; from the *Easterlings*, that is, Prussians and Pomeranians, who, in old time, were artists in fining gold and silver, and taught it to the Britons.

Tontine—lottery of annuities, with survivorship ; invented by Lawrence Tonti, a Neapolitan.

Here we take leave of this instructive and amusing volume, for the preparation of which Mr Graham’s scholarly requirements and long experience as a teacher have eminently adapted him.

WHY SUGAR IS SO DEAR.

UPWARDS of two years ago (No. 450), on the occasion of our describing a visit to a sugar-refining establishment, we drew attention to the somewhat remarkable fact of John Bull being so exceedingly self-denying and generous as to import from Brazil, refine, and sell to foreigners the best lump-sugar at 3*s.* per hundred-weight, while he was contented to pay 4*s.* per hundred weight for common treacle, and to get the length of 100*s.* per hundredweight for lump-sugar wherewith to sweeten his own tea. Since we noticed this and some other curious facts, the subject of sugar has undergone a pretty considerable handling ; and a London newspaper, the *Spectator*, with an industry which cannot be too highly commended, has devoted a whole supplementary number to its elucidation. From this ample digest we propose gathering a few particulars for the sake of general information.

The number of individuals in the British islands who habitually use sugar to sweeten tea, coffee, or other articles of food, is computed at thirteen millions. Latterly, the consumption has not kept pace with the increase of population ; the proportional quantity used by each person is gradually diminishing. In 1838, for example, the consumption was 3,909,660 hundredweight ; in 1839, it was 3,826,599 hundredweight ; and in 1840, it was as low as 3,594,532 hundredweight. This diminution is attributed to the increase in price, united with the general depression of means among the humbler classes, not to a growing distaste of the article. “ Let any person (observes our authority) once taste sugar, and he will wish to taste it again. This fact is known from experience,

* Exercises on Etymology, for the use of Schools, and for Private Instruction, by William Graham. Edinburgh : Published in connexion with Chambers's Educational Course.

and upon it may be rested the demonstration of the assertion, that almost any increase in the quantity and cheapness of sugar will lead to a corresponding extension of consumption." In short, it is obvious that, as respects the use of sugar, there is a growing incapacity to purchase it, and that practically every family consumes as small a quantity of it as it possibly can.

The increased price of sugar is directly traceable to the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies in 1838. The consequence of that just and humane act was a reduction in the quantity of sugar produced in those colonies. The diminution of supply was only in part compensated by the increased production in India. The differential duties prevented the introduction of foreign (or Brazil) sugar to supply the deficiency, and prices of course rose." The extent of this diminished production in the West Indies may be learned from a single fact. "The exportation fell off from 201,777 tons, the average of the five years immediately preceding 1833, to 141,000 tons in the first year of entire freedom, to 117,000 in the second, to 107,000 in the third. This decrease of production was not confined to sugar; it extended to all the staple products of those colonies; and it can be shown that it was occasioned by the consequences of emancipation alone."

It will be recollect that Joseph Gurney, a respectable member of the Society of Friends, visited the British West India Islands, 1839-40, for the express purpose of examining the condition of the emancipated negroes, and afterwards gave the world an account of his journey. According to the account of Friend Gurney (see Journal, No. 462), the negroes were industrious, and contentedly working for wages; while the value of property was rising in consequence of the new and more settled state of things. We are at a loss to reconcile these statements with the facts more recently disclosed. It now appears, from very conclusive evidence, that the condition of the negro labourers has vastly improved since emancipation, and so far Gurney was correct; but inasmuch as they enjoy a monopoly of the labour market, wages have risen to an amount which has caused properties to be abandoned as profitless, and enhanced the cost of sugar beyond all precedent. The *Spectator*, quoting from parliamentary papers, goes on to say, "At the same time that the amount of available labour, and consequently the quantity of produce, fell off to such an extent, the remuneration of the labourers, even of the occasional labourer, continued at a rate high beyond the parallel of any country at any time past or present. Although the average labour of the efficient negroes of Jamaica did not, in 1841, exceed the average of thirty hours per week, spread over the days they were pleased to work, yet the rate of remuneration, what with wages and what with provision grounds, was such that they were able to provide themselves with comforts and luxuries, to an extent not known by any peasantry in the world but by them and the people of Guiana and Trinidad." An abundance of other evidence is given, all setting forth the exceedingly comfortable condition of the negro peasantry.

For this (continues the writer of the digest) no one can blame the negroes. Their conduct in all respects in their new state of freedom has been wonderful. No one grudges that they should enjoy what they can earn. But it is clear that this is a state of things that cannot continue. Many estates have been worked at a loss in the West Indies since emancipation; many have been thrown out of work; many more proprietors have been struggling on, if not with positive loss, yet without deriving income from their estates; and all have had their incomes diminished. The truth is, that the negroes in the West Indies are in the flourishing condition described by Mr Gurney, because almost the whole of the price paid for sugar goes into their pockets. The people of England will not long endure this. When they hear of the luxurious negroes, they will say, "We paid twenty millions to make them free; but we will not always submit to pay for the sugar they make by working thirty hours a week, a price which enables them to enjoy the luxuries of the middle class at home, while our English labourers, by a week's work of more than twice as many hours, can barely earn a subsistence." Further, the negro's labour is rendered more effective by his employer's capital; but his employer is expending his capital without return, or at a loss; and if this continue, the employer must withdraw his capital, or be ruined, which comes to the same thing. The negro labourers, thrown upon their own resources, will sink down to the level of their brethren in Hayti; and the British West India colonies must retrograde from their present state of civilisation into one of semi-barbarism.

The degree of increase in the cost of producing sugar in the West Indies, will be learned from the following passages:—Mr Campbell, a proprietor of several estates in Demerara, gives tabular statements to show the average cost of producing sugar there during three periods, which are well selected for the purpose of comparison—the last three years of slavery, the last three of apprenticeship, and the first three of freedom. In 1831 to 1833, the average cost appears to have been as low as 5s. 4d. to 9s. 6d. per hundredweight, exclusive of any interest on the value of the property; in 1835 to 1837, it was 5s. 5d. to 8s. 9d.; and in 1839 to 1841, it rose as high as 26s. 9d. to 31s.

Id. per hundredweight. A similar statement appears in the evidence of Mr Barkly, a proprietor of large estates in Berbice, but it is more complete, inasmuch as he includes interest on the invested capital: the averages of the three periods were 17s., 12s., and 5s. 6d. The other colonies present like results." Thus, then, it appears that the average cost at which a hundredweight of sugar could be produced during slavery, was as low as from 5s. 4d. to 9s. 6d., and that from these sums the cost has risen by emancipation to at least upwards of 31s., if not upwards of 54s. With charges anything like even 30s. per hundredweight, the West India planters are altogether unable to compete with the slave-produced sugar of Brazil, which can be imported into this country at about 23s. per hundredweight, and of a very superior quality. Hitherto, as we formerly explained, this cheap Brazil sugar has been practically excluded from use in Great Britain, in consequence of being burdened with a duty of 6s. per hundredweight. It is, however, imported for refining in bond, and, being refined, is supplied to foreigners and colonists at 38s. per hundredweight. A chief reason employed against the use of this cheap sugar in Britain is, that it is produced by slave labour, though how it can be less criminal to supply foreigners with it than permit its sale at an equally cheap price here, is a mystery which we have never had the happiness to see cleared up.

The plan now proposed for cheapening West India sugar to the British consumer, is the introduction of free negro labour on a large scale. It is intended to establish a system of immigration of free labourers from Sierra Leone and other parts of the African coast, under the careful superintendence of agents appointed by government. The emigrants are to be hired at the current rate of wages on their arrival, and to be insured a passage home at the end of five years, if they are desirous of returning; equality in the number of both sexes is to be imperative. Already an emigration of this kind has been conducted with considerable success, with the direct approval of the home and colonial governments, the colonies bearing the entire cost of the operations. The immigration into Jamaica, to the close of 1841, amounted to 4003 individuals; in Guiana, to the close of 1842, it amounted to 13,070 individuals; in Trinidad, to the close of 1842, it was 9120; to the other colonies a few hundreds had been introduced. "This is not much; but taken in conjunction with the steady increase in the exports of colonial produce in 1842 and 1843, it is conclusive as to several important points—1. That free Africans will emigrate to the West Indies; 2. That this emigration can be carried on, as appears from the reports of Governor Light and others, without abuse or oppression; 3. As appears from the same authorities, that the immigrants are industrious and well behaved; and that the colonies are already on the eve of being restored to their former state of productiveness."

Whether these hopes can be fairly entertained, it is difficult to say. The measure is one of great delicacy, and is liable to much abuse. Not that there is any likelihood of this in the hands of responsible British authorities; but if the practice be imitated by other powers—and we can see no reason why they will not resort to the same device for recruiting the number of their labourers—it may degenerate into a slave trade in disguise, almost beyond the reach of remonstrance or check. This is an objection which, we regret to say, is not taken into account by our authority, who also has lost sight of the probable condition of the West India peasantry when their wages are reduced to the required level by competition. The impression, on our minds after reading all that official and other documents mention on the subject, is, that the scheme of free immigration to the West Indies and Mauritius will prove highly advantageous to the planters, by giving them a greater choice of labourers at a comparatively low rate of wages; but, like all measures of mere expediency, it will fall short of the desired end. The people of Great Britain can be supplied by Brazil with excellent brown sugar at 23s. per hundredweight, or about 23d. per pound, and the outrage on common sense, of keeping them from buying this sugar, and compelling them, on whatever pretence, to use an article of a like quality at about 7d. per pound, is becoming altogether intolerable. We do not believe that the colonies in their present state of tutelage could by the proposed plan of free immigration alone, be brought to the condition of competing with independent states. To enable them to do so, their whole trade would be required to be thrown open; they buying from and selling to whom they like, and we, with respect to them, enjoying the same privilege. Here, however, we take leave of the subject, satisfied with having shown a humble class of readers the reason why sugar, as an article of diet, has latterly been placed in a great measure beyond their reach.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The April number of this periodical, both from the general character of its subjects, and the liveliness and force of its remarks, ably sustains a reputation of now upwards of fifteen years' standing. The first article in the number is a notice of the "Munchhausen" of Karl Immermann, a humorous fiction, which has become exceedingly popular in Germany. The hero is not, as some may suppose, our old friend the baron who told such marvelous stories, but an-

other personage of the same name, a sort of German Tristram Shandy, eccentric in manners and opinions. As a specimen of Immermann's drollery, the reviewer has translated the following passages, descriptive of an old schoolmaster driven mad by an attempt to make him teach on philosophical principles—a task for which he was utterly incompetent.

"The schoolmaster had filled the office of instructing the youth of a neighbouring village in reading and writing. He dwelt in a mud cottage, the only apartments in which were his school-room and his bed-room; and he had thirty guilder a-year pension, besides the school-money, which was twelve kreuzer for a boy and six for a girl; a grass-plot for a cow, and the right of driving two geese into a common. He performed his duties without blame; taught the children to spell according to the old fashion that had been in use in the village for upwards of a hundred years; and advanced the cleverest so far, that they were frequently able to read print without any extraordinary effort.

Under this system, our schoolmaster had attained the age of fifty years. Then it happened that the general advance of the age called forth in the land a new method of instruction, which was destined to reform even the village schoolmasters. His superiors sent him an accidence of the German language—one of those which profess to base the science of A B C on deep and philosophical principles—and at the same time directed him to rationalise his hitherto crude empiricism: first to instruct himself from the book, and then to begin the new method of teaching youth.

The schoolmaster read the book through, and he read it through again, and he read it backwards, and he read it from the middle, and he did not know what he had read. He was, above all things, to learn to deaden and to sharpen the sounds; to produce them by aspiration, hissing, pressing, gurgling, and talking through the nose; he learned that the language had roots and by-roots; and lastly, he learned that / was the pure original sound, and that this was produced by a strong pressure of the Adam's apple against the palate.

He prayed to God to enlighten him in his darkness, but the heavens seemed of brass, and his prayer bounded back. He sat down before the book, with his spectacles on his nose, that he might see more clearly, although by daylight he could do very well without glasses. Alas! to his arched eyes, the frightful enigmas of aspirated sounds, and hissing sounds, and pressing sounds, and nasal sounds, and throat sounds, were but the more conspicuous! He put the book away, he fed his geese, and he gave a boy, who came to tell him that his father would not pay the school-money, two good boxes on the ear, that he might by practice gain some solution of the theory. All in vain! He ate a sausage to fortify the outer man. All to no purpose! He emptied a whole mustard-pot, because he had heard that this condiment sharpened the intellect. Frustrous effort!

At night, when he went to sleep, he laid the book under his pillow: but, alas! on the following morning, he found that neither roots nor by-roots had penetrated his head. Willingly would he have swallowed the book, as St John swallowed that brought by the angel, at the risk of severest bodily pain, could he by that method have made himself master of its contents; but after what he had already experienced, what hope had he of the result of so bold an attempt?

The school was at a stand-still; the children caught cockchafers, or drove the ducks into the pond. The old people shook their heads, and said, 'All is not right with the schoolmaster.' One day, after he had again worn himself out in desperate endeavours to find the meaning of the 'deadening' and the 'sharpening,' he cried out, 'If I could but lay hold of one single point in this beastly book, perhaps the rest would come of itself.' He therefore resolved, first to produce the pure primitive sound / according to the direction of the book.

He sat himself down on his grass-plot by the cow, which was lowing empirically, careless about the rational production of sounds; he stuck his arms in his side, he pressed the Adam's apple smartly against the palate, and uttered such sounds as could be produced in this fashion. They were strange sounds; indeed so strange, that the cow looked up from the grass, and eyed her master with compassion. A number of peasants were attracted by the sound; they stood wondering and curious around the schoolmaster. 'Neighbours,' cried he, resting a moment from his exertions, 'just observe whether this is the pure primitive L.' He then repeated the process. 'God help us,' cried the peasants, retiring home, 'the schoolmaster is cracked, he squeaks like a pig.'

The next article which attracts our attention is a criticism on the poetical works of George Herwegh, a young man who, for his ultra-liberal principles, put forward very much in the style of a would-be martyr, lately brought himself under the lash of the Prussian monarchy. A few words on Herwegh. He was, as the reviewer informs us, born of "humble parents in Wurtemberg, and received his first education at one of the state schools, in Stuttgart, where Strauss, Idewald, and others, got their first rudiments of learning. Subsequently, he studied at Tübingen, and on the conclusion of his university course, was thrown upon his own resources for subsistence. He became sub-editor of a literary journal of no great mark, the 'Europe,' of which A. Lewald is director, and further occupied himself with translating the poems of Lamartine, which he rendered in the author's metre. These translations are said to have merit.

In the midst of these avocations, he was called upon to serve his time in the army; and it is evident that his literary labours could not have been very profitable to him, for he had not wherewithal to purchase a substitute, and his parents were too poor to buy his exemption. He was, moreover, too proud, or too timid, to address himself to his friends; and the consequence was, that the poet was seized upon one unlucky morning by a squad of police,

and carried off, not to prison, but to the regimental barracks, where he was bidden to share a bed with a brother recruit; some big countryman, fresh from the Schwarzwald. The young republican wrote off, in the bitterness of his heart, to his friend Lewald, assuring the latter that he would infallibly hang himself, unless he was released from prison within the four-and-twenty hours. On this, the editor of the 'Europe' put all his wits to work in behalf of the imprisoned bard; and, in the first place, got a physician's certificate, by which Herwegh was respite from the barracks to the hospital; and, finally, was lucky enough to procure from the war minister an unlimited leave of absence for this gifted and refractory recruit, who was thus enabled to return to the peaceful exercise of the pen.

Some short time afterwards, as ill-luck would have it, Herwegh was at a public ball, where he quarrelled with an officer present, and a challenge was the consequence of their dispute. But the officer, as it happened, was a Lieutenant in that very regiment of which George Herwegh was a private on leave of absence: his leave was immediately withdrawn, and he was ordered to join his regiment the very next day. But one night and half a bed with the big Schwarzwald had been enough for the poet, and he preferred to sleep in some free republican solitude, rather than in that odious company and barrack. The Swiss frontier is not more than four-and-twenty hours' distance from Stuttgart; so the young man quitted Wurtemberg, and was in Switzerland on the very day when they were looking out for him at his regiment. No doubt the lieutenant was much disappointed, and that Herwegh's name still figures on the regimental list with a 'D' before it.

He got work upon a journal called the 'Volkshalle,' published by Dr Wirth, at Belvieu, near Constance, but soon quitted that paper, and established himself at Zurich, where he devoted himself exclusively to poetical composition, and where the first edition of his 'Gedichte eines Lebendigen' was published. The book met with the most extraordinary success: two editions were sold in the course of the first year, and his publisher then made him editor of a newspaper, published by the former with indifferent success up to that period, and called the 'Deutsche Bothe in der Schweiz' (The German Messenger in Switzerland). Herwegh, accepting this post, determined to go into Germany, to seek for contributors and subscribers.

Then commenced for the young poet such a series of triumphs and successes, as never young poet enjoyed before. Toasts, meetings, balls, banquets, saluted him everywhere; and in Berlin, especially, the applause with which he was greeted was unbounded. Royally fitted, he descended to catch the infection of enthusiasm, and hence took place that famous interview between the king of Prussia and the poet, whereof the German papers have talked so much."

As is well known, his majesty made some rather undignified concessions to Herwegh, but afterwards having withdrawn his friendship, the poet wrote that famous letter to the king, which led to the suppression of his writings within the Prussian dominions. From anything we can learn, Herwegh is a conceited young man, with some fancy, wit, and a power of words, puffed into temporary popularity by German sentimentalists, and a fortunate persecution by the Prussian monarch.

The review contains several well digested articles on modern French literature; also several articles of general interest, including one defensive of a paper, in a previous number, on the American newspaper press, the truths of which have, it seems, roused attention to the subject, and may ultimately remedy the abuses complained of.

THE VAMPIRE SUPERSTITION.

[From the Glasgow Herald newspaper.]

Most of our readers are, we dare say, acquainted with the general nature of the vampire superstition, but few of them are in possession of the curious facts out of which that superstition has arisen, and fewer still are probably aware of the terrible consternation which, in the early part of the last century, it caused in Servia and the districts adjacent to Belgrade. It is a most extraordinary idea, that the dead should arise from their graves, and prowl about the country for the purpose of sucking the blood of the living, and yet this is the genuine notion of vampirism. By some writers, the origin of the vampire superstition is referred to the habits of a peculiar kind of bat, which, in hot climates, gently fans sleeping persons with its wings, while it bleeds them to death; but from the statements about to be made, it will be evident that this can by no means account for its "rise and progress." In a note to his poem of the "Gisour," Lord Byron says, "The vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells us a long story which Mr Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes about these 'Vroucolachas' as he calls them. The Roman term is 'Vardoulachas.' I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror."

The best original account that we have seen of the ravages committed rather more than a century ago by the vampires, is contained in the third volume of a scientific publication, printed at Paris in the year 1758, and entitled, "Bibliothèque de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle." The narrative referred to forms the second division of the sixty-third article, the title of which is, "Observations Physiques sur l'embrasement de l'air Souterrain dans une mine de charbon de terre; sur les Vampyres, ou corps morts accoutumés à sucer le sang des vivants." The mode in which the learned author of this article, in the absence of all knowledge of the gases, endeavours to explain the causes of coal-pit explosions, is both ingenious and curious, but has now lost its interest in consequence

of subsequent discoveries. His narrative of the ravages of vampirism in Servia is more to our purpose, and we accordingly translate it for the entertainment of our readers. However the phenomenon may be explained, the facts stated relative to the ruddy healthy-looking condition of the supposed vampire corpses have been fully authenticated. Our author says—

"In the village of Kisolvá, belonging to the district of Rahon, near Belgrade, a man died named Peter Plogowitz. Two months and a-half after his interment, it happened that, within the space of eight days, nine persons of different ages died, after about twenty-four hours' illness, all declaring that the said Plogowitz had appeared to them during sleep, and resting himself upon their bodies, squeezed their necks so hard as to leave them in a dying state. This character of vampirism was confirmed by the widow of the alleged vampire, who declared that her husband had come to her after his death to demand his shoes, upon which she quitted the village, for the purpose of establishing herself elsewhere.

Narratives of this sort are not new in that country, as there is a regular system of vampirism established, according to which the accused corpse must be examined, and certain forms be gone through for the purpose of putting an end to its murderous exploits. This, in the instances before us, was done in the presence of the provost of Belgrade, and of the chief priest of Gradisch. The former avers that he discovered in the disinterred carcass all the marks by which the natives of that country distinguish vampires; as, 1st, the body had no smell; 2d, it was entire, with the exception of the nose, which was a little thinned; 3d, the hair had commenced growing as well as the beard; 4th, new nails had been formed in place of the old ones, which had fallen off; 5th, under the old skin, which was peeling off, and had become whitish, a new skin was growing up; 6th, the countenance, the hands, the feet, and the whole body, were as fresh and healthy-looking as they could have been during life; 7th, it was remarked, with astonishment, that the mouth was filled with fresh liquid blood, which it was doubted that he had sucked from the bodies of those whom he had killed. Being then convicted of being a wicked vampire, a stake was quickly driven through his heart, from which abundance of blood issued, as well as from his mouth and ears, to say nothing of different effects which were manifested in other parts of the body. Finally, to curb his passion for running about the country, the corpse was thrown upon a pile of wood, and reduced to ashes.

This fact is confirmed by many others, and particularly by another vampire of Kisolvá, who took it into his head to demand food, and who, in effect, ate whatever was given to him. But he, too, having committed various murders, was disinterred, when he appeared with his eyes open, his skin of a vermillion colour, his respiration natural, but the body at the same time stiff and dead. Dead or not, however, from a dread of some trickery being practised, he was again killed with blows of stones, and then burnt. But the most important circumstance connected with this second example happened in the year 1728, and related to the case of one Arnold Paule, who, having been tormented by a vampire, had the good fortune to save his life by eating a quantity of earth taken from the vampire's grave, and by rubbing himself with his blood. This, however did not prevent one of the most distressing consequences attributed to the attacks of vampires, namely, that those who have been sucked themselves regularly suck others in their turn—in other words, that those who, during life, have been passive vampires, become active vampires after death.

In fact, Arnold having been exhumed forty days after his burial, was found to have all the marks of an arch-vampire. Thus, when he was pierced with a stake, according to the ordinary method, the history states that he uttered a frightful yell, as if he had been alive. Several other persons who had died from the effects of vampirism were similarly proceeded against. In the year 1731, vampirism carried off seventeen individuals of different sexes and different ages, within the space of three months, and the chief complaint lay against a young nobleman named Milo, who, nine weeks before his death, had acted the hobgoblin, for the purpose of seducing the young females of the village. After many researches, it was agreed that all this mischief sprung from poor Arnold, who had been reduced to ashes five years before, as he had sucked not only the four persons whose bodies had been burnt along with his own, but he had also sucked beasts; and the mischief was, that all who had eaten any portion of these vampire beasts became in course vampires themselves. Milo was one of these persons; and on the occasion of his examination, the whole grave-yard was scrutinised, and out of 40 bodies which had been interred within a certain period, 17 were found bearing the signs of vampirism. It needs not be asked if a long time was spent in going through the established process. It remains only to be remarked, that the fact stated is attested by a great number of individuals of the strictest probity." As to the fact, that in the district mentioned corpses were found exhibiting the singular physical appearances above related, no doubt seems to be entertained. At least, on the testimony of so many and so unexceptionable witnesses, our French philosopher takes the fact as abundantly proved, and then he enters into an elaborate disquisition, in order to account for it upon the principles of natural science. We need scarcely inform our readers that he very properly rejects the superstition founded upon it. To enter into the details of his argument would not be interesting to the majority of our readers, and we may therefore mention, that to the action of saltpetre he attributes the fluidity and freshness of the blood, and the ruddy colour of the skin of the imaginary vampires. We translate the following detached passage, which will give some idea of his theory. Our author says—"From these discoveries" (alluding to certain facts in natural history, previously adduced), "we conclude that the fluidity of the blood in vampires is merely the effect of saltpetre, which had penetrated the pores of these bodies, and that the phenomena which the good priest of Gradisch took for nails and skins falling off, and

for renewed hairs and beards, were only a very subtle mass of saltpetre, which had been formed as a tissue over the different parts of the body, and which, in proportion as the dead bodies were roughly handled, became detached in form of a skin. The mass on the nails represented the old nails as having fallen from the fingers so much the more naturally, as it was by no means so firm as the skin, in consequence of the exceedingly minute pores of the nails."

Here we close our extracts from this curious essay; but we have done enough to call the attention of those who have made physical science their study, to an exceedingly singular phenomenon in the history of the animal economy.

ADDRESS TO SPRING.

We copy from the *Dunfermline Courier*, April 17. "The following verses, transcribed by a friend who resides in Roxburghshire, remind us of the Elegy to Spring by the lamented Bruce, the bard of Lochleven. The author, the Rev. Henry Scott, Riddell, has long been advantageously known as a poet in his own and many other districts; but his health, we grieve to add, is terribly shattered, and even his mind so much affected, like the late Dr Southey's, that he is at times totally unconscious of everything that is passing in the world around him. Under circumstances so mournful, it is the more surprising that he should have lifted the pen during some happy interval, and written without effort the appended poem:—

The harp so loved awakes no more;
Its chords are mute, its charms are gone;
The mind may joy not in its love
When hope and happiness are flown.

For tho' it soothed in other days,
It cannot reach a wo so deep
As that which o'er this bosom strays,
To wake the pangs that never sleep.

The wind blows cold o'er glen and hill,
And nature all is worn and wan;
But nature's bosom bears no ill,
Like that which haunts the heart of man.

What tho' the torrents lash the steep
And frosts her flaunting flowers deform,
And bid her lift her voice and weep
In thunder strife and winter's storm?

The life remains that genial spring
Can still to wonted state restore,
And wide abroad her glories fling
O'er all that lay so waste before.

The wild bee hums around the flower
That opes so brightly on the brae;
The birds sing from the budding bower,
And cheer the wanderer on his way.

And far upon the moorland gray
The plover seeks its summer home;
And sunshine crowns the scene of day
As far as foot or eye can roam.

And thus are nature's charms replaced,
As if they had been ever new;
Her garlands blooming on her breast,
Her ringlets beaded with the dew.

But when amid life's devious track,
Draws on the darkness of decay;
Oh! what to man shall e'er bring back
The charms that time hath swept away?

And if the young must oft deplore
The ills that curb their early glee;
Oh! what again shall joy restore
To my loved mountain harp and me?

Peace to the lost and to the loved—
How vainly would the heart reveal
Those joys that now are far removed,
The bard alone can keenly feel.

How in the shepherd's humble cot,
When there the free and friendly came—
To list those lays, still unforget,
They wondered such a youth could frame.

I, too, have paced the lofty ha'
Where beauty dimmed the tapers bright,
And woke amid the strains that draw
Around the spirit pure delight.

But sweeter still when far away,
The harp would wake by glen and rill;
And on the light hill breeze convey
The notes that now are ever still.

Where far remote from human strife,
Anticipation warm would glow;
And paint around the powers of life,
The bliss which time should yet bestow.

All vain, alas! the spell is broke,
And may not cheer the fair and free;
And what again shall e'er bring back
Joy to my mountain harp and me?"

NOTE.

In a late number (579), in the article "Arithmetical Averages," an error occurred in the figures expressive of the averages. The passage should have run thus—"The average duty of importation on these aggregate imports was not 10s. 6d., the half of 1s. and 6s., but 1s. 6d. and a fraction, which is found by dividing the total sum of the duties paid at the two periods (£546,450, £s. by the total number of quarters imported, namely, 1,361,500."

We have to thank a number of correspondents for drawing our attention to this verbal error.

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